

The Times.

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THE TIMES

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May-side Gleanings.

FOR THE TIMES.
A REVERIE.
BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Respectfully inscribed to Miss Emma Sophia Mills.

Now I hear the distant footfalls
Of the autumn's crimson feet,
Keeping time like solemn music,
With my heart's tumultuous beat.

Do you hear it, gentle maiden,
'Mid the music of thy song?

Does it bring thee precious memories,
That thy soul hath cherished long?

Do you hear it, child of gladness,
Sporting 'mong life's summer-flowers?

Know'st the horologe is speeding,
Towards the end of girlhood's hours?

Comes it floating on the breezes,
But to dreamers, such as I,

Telling of the death of summer—

Telling that we soon must die?

Abi! itingers 'mid the flower-bells,
Chiming many a pleasant tone,
Whispering unto me as sadly
As a sea-shell's lingering moan,
And at eventide I hear it,
Breathing 'mong the maple boughs,
Calyx as a timid maiden,
Whispers o'er her vesper tows.

And I listen very softly,
Lest I hear it never more,
For there is no death of summer
On the distant, farther shore;

And I love it, for it softens

At the wisdom of my dreams,

Lulls my heart's unrest, and longs

Points beyond Time's troubled stream.
Hartford, Conn.

FOR THE TIMES.
A PENCIL SKETCH.
BY MATTIE MAY.

It was a damp, disagreeable morning; a heavy mist shrouded the whole scene in gloom, though the sun was vainly endeavoring to penetrate the darkness. We were on the cars, started from Richmond, Va., early in the morning, and our destination Charlottesville. There were but few passengers, and as all seemed affected by the pervading gloom, it was fast becoming dull. Nothing to relieve the monotony, save the rushing noise of the escaping steam and the constant patter of the rain against the windows, for by ten o'clock the light mist of the morning had become a weary drizzling.

The gentlemen yawned and made frequent trips to the door, and the ladies, every one sighed as if their hearts were breaking. There was no help for it, and I looked from my window, in search of something to rouse me; and in this way, a moment studying the physiognomy of my nearest neighbor, and the next looking out so as to catch the first glimpse of the distant mountains, I contrived to pass the time, until we came to Gordonsville Station. Here we were surrounded by the wood-houses, and all resources of amusement cut off, we all looked more "bluish" than ever.

But as there is and should be an end to all things, so we at last emerged from the dark, and by this time the sun was shining faintly through the mist, and as we whirled on, soon the blue outlines of the mountains seemed to be penciled on the Western sky. The scenery became more beautiful; and memory paints no fairer view to

me than my first impressions on seeing the distant Blue Ridge. The landscape was rich and varied—one moment we plunged through the mountain gorge, their rough sides towering far above us, and the next we would be gliding through the luxuriant meadow; crossing and recrossing some meandering rivulet which glistened in the sunbeams, and laughing and sparkling, rippled away out of sight.

From dim outlines on the sky, the mountains soon stood prominently forth, lifting their shaggy heads up in the few floating clouds, while the mist was rolling up their sides, giving place to the bright sunlight, which tinged every thing gloriously, and bathed the rugged mountain in a flood of light. Nearer, nearer we came, until we were surrounded on all sides by the rising mountains, now gliding around the mountain base, then again plunging through the deep cut, and anon whirling around the mountain side; where we could look down, and realize Shakespeare's description of Dover Cliffs—

"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway
Show scarce so gross as beetles." Fair, But we have dashed through the ridge and come now to Charlottesville, which seems hidden, so suddenly do we catch the first glimpse. The mountains encompass it on all sides, and beyond the ridge rises higher and higher; for we have not as yet passed any noted group, only the outer Eastern edge.

Oh, this mountain scenery charmed me, and again when I entered my room at the nice hotel, and threw open the blinds, I again saw the beautiful Blue Ridge, extended in all its grandeur before me. Is it strange that I should sit by that window, and watch the sun slowly sink behind the endless barrier, and then lost in contemplation, await the silvery touch of Luna's beams, as she proudly glided on the blue expanse?

EDUCATION OF HUSBANDS.

Punch gives us an excellent article on the education of husbands, worthy of the best days of Caudle, as follows:

How suggestive is the new year of bills, and bills of housekeeping! It is fearful to reflect how many persons rush into matrimony totally unprepared for the awful change that awaits them. A man may take a wife at twenty-one, before he knows the difference between a chip and a Leghorn. We would no more grant a marriage license to anybody simply because he is of age, than a license on that ground only to practice as an apothecary. Husbands ought to be educated. We would like to have the following questions put to young inexperienced persons about to marry:

Are you aware, sir, of the price of coal and candles?

Do you know which is the most economical, the fitch bone or the round?

How far, young man, will a leg of mutton go in a small family?

How much dearer, now, is silver than Britannia?

Declare, if you can, rash youth, the sum per annum that chemisettes, pelisses, cardigans, bonnets, veils, caps, ribbons, flowers, gloves, cuffs and collars, would come to in the lump?

If unable to answer these inquiries, we would say to him, Go back to school.

He that would be a husband should also undergo a training, physical and moral. He should be farther examined thus:

Can you read or write, amid the noise and yell of the nursery?

Can you wait any given time for breakfast?

Can you maintain your serenity during a washing day?

Can you cut your old friends?

Can you stand being contradicted in the face of all reason?

Can you keep your temper when you are not listened to?

Can you do what you are told without being told why?

In one word, young sir, have you the patience of Job?

If you can lay your hand upon your heart, and answer yes, take your license and marry, not else.

THE DEVIL DID.—A lady who had refused to give, after hearing a charity ser-

mon had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church. On making the discovery she said, "God could not find the way into my pocket but it seems the devil did."

Literary.

FOR THE TIMES.

Thoughts among the Stars.

Indeed a lofty theme! You exclaim, reader, a column of lamentation from a lovelorn swain, bewailing the cruelty of his mistress, and endeavoring to soothe the fluttering of the little machinery in his bosom by a lubrication from some sympathizing star. Not so, sir. O, well, a poet then we have here, an Alexander Smith probably, in a mad blaze of glory, "streaming like a comet through the sky," or perchance "feeding on the beauty of the morn." Now we shall be "flushed and thrilled," as irresistably our fancy bounds through the realms of untried space to see him bring the fairest twinkler that sparkles in Night's sable robe, and pin it on the bosom of his lady-love. Nor that either? Then it must be that we have a philosopher in our midst. Now for a theory of the universe that shall astonish the nation, and set the disciples of Kepler and Copernicus together by the ears. Perhaps a disquisition on the plurality of worlds, or an explanation of how the old moon is hashed up into new stars; or the process of making the great green cheese from the cream of the milky way. Nothing of the sort, I assure you. But seriously I would try my untaught pen with a few thoughts, which, though they should afford interest to but a few, may attain an object, the desire of which has impelled me to write,—a balance among the sisterhood of contributors to "The Times."

Did you never, on a calm clear night, take a seat at your window, and while you "gazed through nature up to the God's God," feel your soul loosing itself from your body, and mingling with "the quick spirits of the universe?" Is there not a music which never reaches the ear of sense? A delicious harmony that steals unheard into the chambers of the soul, reverberating in silent echoes, and thrilling our very being with its melody. There is, reader, and if the doors of your mind are closed to the beautiful things with which God has adorned our world,—if the chords of your heart have never been strung to respond to the music of the spheres,—if you have never heard the morning stars singing together, as when they came fresh from the hands of their Creator,—there is a rich spiritual feast lying open to you yet unenjoyed.

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The Psalmist could revel in a banquet like this. I can imagine that great warrior-king, in the deep stillness of the night, when sleep was brooding over the city,—when the voice of the singers was hushed, and fawning sceptophany slumbered in its couch,—retired, his own favorite harp in hand, to some high balcony which looked up to the star-spangled azure above him, and there, in silent musing, contemplate the magnificent scene, and the greatness of the God who made it; and then sweeping in ecstasy his hand across his instrument, sing out from the depths of his soul, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech, nor language, where their voice is not heard."

It has been truly said that "an undevout astronomer is mad," and when we cast a retrospective glance at the age, when judicial astrology took its rise among the priests of Babylon,—when the idea of our great Supreme Being was too vast for the conception of the human intellect unaided by the revelation of holy writ; and when Zabism was called to the aid of Omnipotence, we cannot but be deeply affected with the struggles of the immortal soul, trammelled with the errors of polytheism,—after an object worthy of its adoration.

But as there is and should be an end to all things, so we at last emerged from the dark, and by this time the sun was shining faintly through the mist, and as we whirled on, soon the blue outlines of the mountains seemed to be penciled on the Western sky. The scenery became more beautiful; and memory paints no fairer view to

The soul instinctively lifts itself to God. Its natural tendency is upward,—it seeks communion with an essence like itself. Whatever object or system of worship has been invented by man, the human mind has soon explored and comprehended, and then despised it. It is itself the great iconoclast. It knows no bounds within infinity. It submits to no power less than omnipotence. That which originates in error often leads to the investigation and attainment of sublime truth, like "the dappling dawn, emerging from the darkness of the night, broadens and brightens into perfect day," and laborious researches of science in quest of the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life and the perpetual motion, though useless in the main, have not been lost; but have enriched the world with discoveries and inventions of lasting benefit to mankind. Thus it was that the study of the nature of the Gods of the Chaldean priests, led to the discovery that they were not divine intelligences, but vast globes, revolving around a common centre, which centre, as long as the Ptolemaic theory obtained, was supposed to be our earth, and not 'til Copernicus demonstrated the correctness of the opinions of Pythagoras, was that long adopted fallacy exploded.

In the great battle of Gibraltar, when the united fleets of France and Spain attacked the impregnable fortress, one of the gigantic floating batteries broke from her anchorage and began to drift directly into the hottest of the British fire. The thousand men, who formed the crew of the unwieldy mass, vainly strove to arrest its progress or divert it from its path. Every minute it drifted nearer to the English guns, every minute some new part took fire from the red-hot shot, every minute another score of its hapless defenders were swept, like chaff, from its decks. The most superhuman efforts failed to prevent its drifting, with human freight, to inevitable death.

Alphonsus, king of Castile, in the 13th century, deceived by the allusive testimony of the senses, once impishly said, 'that if he had been of God's priory council when he created the universe, he would have advised the universe to that the study of the nature of the Gods of the Chaldean priests, led to the discovery that they were not divine intelligences, but vast globes, revolving around a common centre, which centre, as long as the Ptolemaic theory obtained, was supposed to be our earth, and not 'til Copernicus demonstrated the correctness of the opinions of Pythagoras, was that long adopted fallacy exploded.

But while we condemn the wickedness, we should pity the vanity of this remark; for there are, even in our own enlightened generation, those who, failing to comprehend the yet unexplained mysteries of the Divine nature, are willing to close their eyes to the plain truths of the gospel, and stumble into hell through the darkness of infidelity.

We, however, have lived to see the wonderful disclosures of the telescope and to learn the effects of gravitation, and that which was long a stumbling-block to those who adopted error, is now removed from us, and we can behold in the innumerable worlds whirling with amazing rapidity around their sun, and stretching far into infinity,—the perfection of the Deity and the vastness of his might.

CALLIOPE.

THE SHIFTING HUES OF LIFE.—Life has, for an observer, such a quick succession of interest and amusing adventure, that it is almost inconceivable he should ever feel dull or weary of it. No one day resembles another. Every hour, every minute, opens newstore to our experience, and new excitements to our curiosity. We are always on the eve and on the morrow of some surprising event. Like the moth, we are forever flying towards the star—but with this difference, that we attain it; and if sometimes we find the halo we fancy a glory is but some deceiving mist, at last we have learned a lesson. If we look upon life merely as humble students, we shall not feel any great bitterness at such disappointments. It is only when we hug our ignorance to our hearts, that we are, and deserve to be, miserable—when we embrace the cloud, that we lose the goodness. But if we open the eyes of the mind, and determine to be neither wantonly stupid nor inattentive, an enchanted world begins to rise from chaos. The aspect even of the room in which we sit grows lively with a thousand unsuspected curiosities. We discern that the most ordinary person is invested with some noticeable characteristic. If we deign to look for but five pleasant minutes at any commonplace thing, we become aware of its peculiar beauty; and there is not a bird that wings through the air, nor a flower that blossoms in the garden; nor an insect that crawls in the depth of the earth; nor a fish that swims in the water, but has its own singular and delightful story.

RELIGIOUS PROSCRIPTION IN ROME.—The venerable Abbe Giovanni Bernardini, aged 87, has been visited by the police and suffered indignities from them, upon an accusation of having spoken ill of the Pope's Government. The proscriptions of the Roman code against non-conformity in matters of religion are now applied in all their rigor. A woman has been lately sentenced to four years imprisonment for blasphemy; and the holy office has just pronounced a similar sentence upon a man convicted of eating meat on Christian eve.

THE DEVIL DID.—A lady who had refused to give, after hearing a charity ser-

mon had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church. The soul instinctively lifts itself to God. Its natural tendency is upward,—it seeks communion with an essence like itself. Whatever object or system of worship has been invented by man, the human mind has soon explored and comprehended, and then despised it. It is itself the great iconoclast. It knows no bounds within infinity. It submits to no power less than omnipotence. That which originates in error often leads to the investigation and attainment of sublime truth, like "the dappling dawn, emerging from the darkness of the night, broadens and brightens into perfect day," and laborious researches of science in quest of the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life and the perpetual motion, though useless in the main, have not been lost; but have enriched the world with discoveries and inventions of lasting benefit to mankind. Thus it was that the study of the nature of the Gods of the Chaldean priests, led to the discovery that they were not divine intelligences, but vast globes, revolving around a common centre, which centre, as long as the Ptolemaic theory obtained, was supposed to be our earth, and not 'til Copernicus demonstrated the correctness of the opinions of Pythagoras, was that long adopted fallacy exploded.

WHAT A STOMACH!—In one year New York city eats 185,000 oxen, twelve thousand and 12,000 cows, 550,000 sheep and lambs, 40,000 calves, and 280,000 swine. It ranged seven abreast, they would make a procession two miles long.

Drifting.

It was only the other day that a man fell asleep in his boat on the Niagara river. During his slumber the boat broke loose from her moorings, and he woke to find himself shooting down the rapids directly towards the cataract. In vain he shrieked for help, in vain he tried to row against the current, he drifted on, and on, till his light craft upset, when he was borne rapidly to the brink of the abyss, and leaping up, with a wild cry, went over and disappeared forever.

In the great battle of Gibraltar, when the united fleets of France and Spain attacked the impregnable fortress, one of the gigantic floating batteries broke from her anchorage and began to drift directly into the hottest of the British fire. The thousand men, who formed the crew of the unwieldy mass, vainly strove to arrest its progress or divert it from its path.

Every minute it drifted nearer to the English guns, every minute some new part took fire from the red-hot shot, every minute another score of its hapless defenders were swept, like chaff

acceptance. Let the Government use the new system in its own transactions; and the people, in their dealings with each other, would slowly but sure follow the example.

The alliance between the French and British governments is breaking down those prejudices which heretofore would have prevented the English people from accepting a reformation so redundant of France and revolution. If the United States, at this juncture, would take the lead in adopting the French decimal system of measures and weights, Great Britain might soon be ready to follow the example, and these three great commercial nations would carry the world with them.

We commend the subject to the attention of members of Congress. The nomenclature proposed by our correspondent, or any other equally extended, is not all material to the subject. What we want, —what the world wants for the convenience of commerce, of science, and of all international intercourse,—is not any particular nomenclature running in parallel lines through all languages, but a uniform and universal system of measures and weights in decimal divisions, with a natural and invariable standard.—*N. Y. Independent.*

News of the Day.

Arrival of the Niagara.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.
HALIFAX, Oct. 8.—The Canard steamer Niagara arrived here to-night shortly after ten o'clock, with Liverpool dates to the 27th inst. The steamer North America arrived out of the 24th, and the steamer Ericson on the 27th.

SECOND DISPATCH.

The U. S. Frigate Merrimac arrived at Southampton, on the 25th ult., and was the object of much admiration.

THE NEAPOLITAN QUESTION.—Italian affairs continue to excite attention, but beyond the intention of the allies to dispatch a fleet to Naples, there is nothing definite. The Anglo-French ultimatum was retained for a few days at Paris to give an opportunity to Naples to make the required concessions.

It is contemplated that the expedition will be of a formidable character. Eight steamers are provisioning at Spithead, and seven auxiliary steamers are ready to sail. The expedition is very unpopular in France. Sardinia takes a part in the matter, and will send ships for the protection of her citizens at Naples.

A Vienna letter states that the English and French ministers had notified the Austrian government of the intended expedition against Naples. Austria opposes no obstacle.

It is understood that immediately on the French Minister leaving Naples, the Neapolitan Minister will quit Paris; meanwhile, hopes are entertained of a favorable answer from Naples.

ENGLAND.—Lord Hardinge, ex-commander-in-chief, is dead.

Mr. Dallas dined at the Agricultural dinner at Hertz, and made a speech responsive to a toast of congratulation at the concord existing between America and England.

FRANCE.—The Emperor is still at Bearitz.

The Bank of France has raised its rate of interest to six per cent.

THE LATEST.

LONDON, Friday Evening.—The rise in the rate of interest of the Bank of France and a further decline in the French funds caused consols to open heavily, and at the close to decline half cent.

Money is active, and it is rumored that the rate of discount will be immediately raised to five per cent at least.

CRUISE OF THE U. S. SLOOP VANDALIA.—*Fight with Pirates.*—The U. S. sloop of war Vandalia, Commander Rootes, has arrived at Portsmouth, N. Hampshire, after an absence of three years and sailing 54,000 miles.

The Vandalia was the working ship of the squadron. Nine months was the longest consecutive period she remained at any one port, and that was at Shanghai. She was present at the bombardment, assault and capture of that celebrated city, and during the whole of her stay there, maintained on shore a guard of seamen and marines, to preserve the neutrality of the foreign settlement, and protect the persons and property of American residents from being injured in the struggle then waging between the Chinese imperialists and insurgents.

This ship also assisted to exterminate the hordes of pirates that infest the Chinese waters. Upon one occasion, while lying at anchor, becalmed, in the delta of the Pearl river, near Hong Kong, some of these miscreants were seen boarding and plundering trading junks, almost within range of her broadside. Three boats were instantly lowered and manned by a party of seamen and marines, under the command of Lieutenant John Walcott, who went in pursuit. The pirates, laden with booty, took to an island about two miles distant, where they encircled themselves behind some precipitous rocks and kept up a continuous fire upon the advancing boats. The Vandalia dashed on through a shower of grape and musket balls, landed, scaled the rocks, routed out the nest of rascals, and lifted

and wounded an unknown number, whereupon, the rest escaped to the jungle. The work of destruction was then completed by burning their junks and houses in the vicinity. Two prisoners were taken who were afterwards delivered to the Chinese authorities. In this gallant affair, Lieutenant Walcott had only one man killed and one wounded.

In consequence of being detained so long upon the East India station, she had a great deal of sickness. Three of her officers were invalided and sent home, and others have been detached and exchanged, so that very few of the original number remain. Nineteen of the crew have died, including six by casualties, in a complement of two hundred; a small number, considering their exposure, the great length of the cruise and the unhealthiness of the climate.

PRIVATEERING.—The English and French papers are quite dissatisfied with the American position in regard to privateering. If, however, Europe will not consent to exempt private property on the high seas from molestation during war, it must expect every nation to defend, by all honorable and honest means, its own commerce. Privateers are our sea volunteers, and Europe might as well expect the United States to give up its militia on land as on the deep. During the late war with England, our privateers were a powerful arm of defence and annoyance, and they will be restored to again, with like effect, in the event of another European war.

The powers of Europe may dissent, if it pleases them, from the American doctrine, and so long as the question remains as abstraction, no harm will be done. If they attempt, however, to put down privateering by any unusual retaliation, the same weapon will be employed against their own regular armaments. The assurance of this fact will probably prevent them from ever indulging in anything but empty fulminations upon the subject.—*Rich. Dispatch.*

SUICIDE OF CHARLES BOYD.—We learn from the Cincinnati papers, that Charles Boyd, formerly of this place, put a period to his existence last Tuesday, in that place, by shooting himself in the head with a pistol. The deceased had suffered for the last 20 years from a bleeding of the lungs—had recently gone to Cincinnati, where he was attacked with a hemorrhage that left no hope of his recovery, when he put an end to his suffering by shooting himself—doubtless preferring instant death to dying by the ineh.

The papers state he committed the deed while his wife and family were at breakfast in an adjoining room, and that he had grown despondent from ill health, and the poverty which it entailed on those dear to him.—*Milton Chronicle.*

A REMARKABLE CASE.—A friend writes to the *Southern Baptist* the following fact concerning a lady who is a member of the Baptist Church in Lawtonville, S. C. She will be seventy-three years old on the 26th of next December, and has eighty-seven children, grandchildren or great-grandchildren now living, and there has not yet been found a swearer or a drunkard among them. The most of them who are grown are members of the Baptist denomination. The lady is still quite active, and goes about visiting among the sick, often sitting up with them without suffering any from the effects of it.

INTERESTING FROM KANSAS.
CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—Private advices received here from Kansas mention a rumor that Gov. Robinson was about to convene the Free State Legislature. One hundred and ten Free State men arrested under Harvey, at Hickory point, have all been committed on the charge of murder.

Every stage and conveyance into the Territory is crowded with settlers returning to their claims, from which they were driven by Lane. Gov. Geary is discharging his duty with fearless energy.

MURDERER SENTENCED.—At Robeson Superior Court, last week, Sam, a slave of the Deep River Navigation, was tried for the murder of Capt. Angus McDiarmid, of the steamer John H. Haughton, last Spring, by throwing him into the river Cape Fear, where he was drowned. The Jury found the prisoner guilty. Motions for a new trial and for arrest of judgment were refused, and the prisoner was sentenced to be hanged on Friday, October 31. For the State Solicitor Strange and C. G. Wright Esq., For the prisoner, (assigned by the Court,) Wm. H. Haigh B. Fuller, and B. R. Huske Esq.—*Ashboro Bulletin.*

A SEVERE PUNISHMENT.—As Mr. W. Henry Palmer, the eminent pianist, was quietly returning from his business late last evening, crossing F and Tenth streets, two cowardly scoundrels set a large fierce dog at him. As the beast flew at him, Mr. Palmer, with great dexterity and presence of mind, caught the dog by the mouth, one hand in the upper and the other in the lower jaw, and in a moment, literally tore the lower jaw out of its socket. Then turning upon the scoundrels, who were preparing to attack him, Mr. Palmer struck the nearest a left hand in the face,

and a valuable diamond ring catching in the flesh, cut the fellow's cheek open from his eye to his chin. The other ruffian had seen enough and bolted, but Mr. P. was the swiftest runner, and in less time than it takes to write it, he was caught, and received as sound a thrashing as he could well get. We are glad to learn that Mr. Palmer was not injured.—*Wash. Star.*

GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.—The New York Express says: "The 'Brooks' men in this State will all vote for Fillmore and Donelson, making no bargain, and desiring none—and if the Buchanan men don't mean to throw their votes away, they will do likewise—and that is all the bargain that exists. There are about 400,000 men in this State, and they don't intend that the State shall go for Buchanan—150,000 of them Fremont men—and 250,000 Fillmore men—all against Buchanan men—and 150,000 Buchanan men, and 250,000 Fillmore men that don't intend it shall go for Fremont."

From the North Carolina Standard.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT OF N. C., }

September 27, 1856.

To the Editors of the Standard:

DEAR SIRS: It has been suggested to me by the Attorney General of the State that it would be well to have published for the information of our citizens generally, and of our Sheriffs especially, the late decision of the Supreme Court in the case, "The State to the use of the Public Treasurer vs. William D. Petway," a copy of which I enclose to you with a request that you publish it. I hope other papers in the State will give it an insertion, and that the Sheriffs will make known to the Solicitors of the State, all similar cases that may fall within their knowledge.

Very respectfully,

D. W. COURTS.

Public Treasurer of N. C.

The State to the use of the Public Treasurer, vs. William D. Petway.

The Act which incorporates "The President and Directors of the Commercial Bank of Wilmington," (act of 1846, ch. 4,) after conferring upon it the usual powers, privileges, and immunities of a Bank, with a capital stock of \$3,000,000 provides, in the 12th section, "that the President or Cashier of the said Bank shall annually pay into the Treasury of the State twenty-five cents on each share of said capital stock, who may have been subscriber for and paid in; and the first payment of the said tax shall be made twelve months after the said Bank shall have commenced operations." The Revised Code, in Chapter 99, section 29, imposes a tax of three cents upon every dollar more than six dollars of net dividend or profit upon money vested "in stocks of any kind, or in shares of any incorporated or trading company, whether in or out of the State—and herein shall be included all bank dividends, bonds and certificates of debt or of any other State or country, or of any public corporation created by this or any other State."

The question presented by the pleadings in this case is, whether the legislature had the power, after the reservation of twenty-five cents on each share of the actual capital stock of the Bank, to impose an additional tax on the dividends received by the individual stock-holders.

The counsel for the defendant contends that it had not, his argument is, that the grant by the Legislature of the Bank charter created a contract between the State and the corporation; that by a fair construction, one term of that contract was that the Bank should pay into the Public Treasury twenty-five cents on each share of its actual capital stock, in consideration of which no other or further tax should ever be imposed upon it, or upon the dividends or profits of any of the individual members who composed it; and that the constitution of the United States prohibits the State from passing any law to impair the obligation of the contract, or of any essential part of it.

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We admit that the grant by the Legislature of a charter to a banking corporation, creates a contract between the State and the corporation, which brings it under the protection of the constitution of the U. S. This conservative principle has been repeatedly recognized by this Court, in decisions of which it is necessary to refer only to the cases of *Mills vs. Williams*, 11 Ired Rep. 558, and the *State vs. Mathews*, 3 Jones. The same protection which extended to the whole contract must be extended to every essential part of it, and if it be part of it, and if it be a term of the contract that the State shall not impose any other tax upon the dividends or profits of the stockholders than that which is expressly mentioned in the charter, then we freely admit that the clause of the Revenue act to which we have referred is inoperative in its application to the holders of stock in the Commercial Bank of Wilmington. The question, then, ceases to be one of constitutional power, and becomes one of construction merely. The question which has been thus presented, has, in late years, been so often the subject of discussion and decision in the Supreme Court of the United States, and in the Courts of the several States, that it would be a work of supererogation to go into an extended

argument. We shall confine ourselves to a brief enunciation of the principles upon which our judgment in the present case is founded.

It is now a well settled rule of construction, that "the grant of privilege and exemptions to a corporation are strictly construed against the corporation, and in favor of the public. Nothing passes but what is granted in clear and explicit terms.

And neither the right of taxation nor any other power of sovereignty which the community have an interest in preserving undiminished, will be held to be surrendered, unless the intention to surrender is manifested in words too plain to be mistaken."

Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company vs. Debolt, 16 Haw. (U. S.) Rep. 435—*Billings vs. The Providence Bank*, 4 Peters' Rep. 561—*Charles River Bridge vs. The Warren Bridge*, 11 Peters' Rep. 545.

It cannot be denied that the taxing power is one of the highest and most important attributes of sovereignty. It is essential to the establishment and the continued existence of government. Without it all political institutions would be dissolved—the social fabric would be broken up, and civilization would relapse into barbarism. No government can, then, divest itself altogether of a power which is essential to its existence—it cannot commit political suicide; but it is conceded that it may, by contract for an adequate consideration, bind itself, for a longer or shorter period, not to exercise its taxing power at all, or beyond a certain extent, upon certain persons or things. This is, however, often a dangerous restriction upon its power, because the necessities of the government can not always be foreseen. In the changes and chances of time and things, those who have charge of the administration may have need of all the possible resources of the country to save it from great disaster, if not from ruin. These considerations force upon the mind the propriety—nay, the absolute necessity, of the rule that every grant from the Legislature by which the integrity of the power to raise revenue is impaired, must be construed strictly in favor of the public, and against the grantee.

Let us apply this rule to the case before us. The Legislature has granted a charter to the Bank in question, in which there is a stipulation for a certain tax to be paid by the officers of the Bank upon each and every share of its actual capital stock, into the treasury of the State. There is no express provision that no other or higher tax shall ever be exacted; but it is contended that there is an implied one to that effect. Why should there be? It is certainly not so, in cases very analogous to this. A citizen takes a grant from the state for a tract of land and pays the stipulated price. He has immediately to pay a tax of twelve cents on every hundred dollars value of it by the general revenue law of the State. That is precisely the same as if a tax to that amount were reserved in the grant. The State cannot violate its contract contained in the grant, any more than it can violate its contract involved in the grant of a bank charter; and yet, who ever doubted that the Legislature may, from time to time, increase the tax upon the land? The same may be said of twelve months after the said Bank shall have commenced operations.

The revised Code, in Chapter 99, section 29, imposes a tax of three cents upon every dollar more than six dollars of net dividend or profit upon money vested "in stocks of any kind, or in shares of any incorporated or trading company, whether in or out of the State—and herein shall be included all bank dividends, bonds and certificates of debt or of any other State or country, or of any public corporation created by this or any other State."

We understand that Maj. Clarke and our esteemed fellow citizen, S. A. Maverick, will immediately repair to the city of New York, on business connected with the Company.

We learn that a crowd of men under

took to mob Judge Brown in court in

Marietta, last week, on account of his having

fined several of them for disorder in the

courtroom. The marshal and officers of

court being present, came to his relief.

We learn that he fined and imprisoned

several of the mobites to the extent of the

Company.

We are informed that the prospects of

the speedy completion of this important

work are quite encouraging, and we sin-

cerely trust, that our fellow-citizens will

give their hearty cooperation to the enter-

prising gentlemen who have charge of this

great undertaking which will exercise so

important an influence on the future pros-

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THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCT. 16, 1856.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

[Correspondence of The Times.

STATE FAIR.

RALEIGH Oct. 15.

We arrived with quite a crowded train on Tuesday morning and all seemed determined to have his full share of sight seeing and pleasure. The hotels were soon filled to overflowing, but the citizens of Raleigh, with much liberality, threw open their doors and gave to every one ample and pleasant entertainment.

Through the politeness of the executive committee, we were privileged to visit the "Fair Grounds" on Tuesday in advance of the public, and thus had an excellent opportunity for examining every thing undisturbed by the large crowd usually in attendance on the regular days of the exhibition.

To attempt a description of what is on exhibition, would be a fruitless undertaking. The enclosure is very large, but we think it were never better filled. Though, some very ordinary looking stock, yet we find quite a number of the very finest ever shown in any Fair. As to the machinery, there seems to be no end to it. The harsh humming sound is constantly greeting the ear, as the various labor saving machines are tested from the largest horse-power to the smallest instrument worked by the hand.

In this department the present age is becoming truly wonderful—the inventive mind of man operates almost as if by miraculous power. The maxim of Franklin, that "time is money" seems to be the watchword, and the weary plodding of our fathers sounds to our fast ears as a fairy tale. Even in our own experience, the short space of two years has produced a change both pleasant and profitable. Instead of twenty four long weary "Stage" hours, it is now but a pleasant morning's ride from Greensboro to the Fair—only five hours. And again, instead of \$12, as formerly, \$2.90 makes quite an agreeable contract.

Next we enter "Mechanics" Hall, where the genius of man is still at work. Without stopping to notice the many objects of interest presented to the observer, we merely notice our neighbor, and fellow-countryman, A. C. Ledbetter. His specimens of Rifles and pistols were truly beautiful.

And in regular order comes the Farmer's Hall with the largest and finest products of the field—that which met the especial guardian oversight of Ceres herself.

But the crowning beauty of all, is the tasteful arrangement of Floral Hall. But when we observe the beautiful fair hands which so tastefully arranged the articles in their proper place, we are not at all surprised at the sight. It is impossible for us to do justice to the many fancy articles, executed by the fair daughters of the Old North State. Heaven bless them forever! One of the most prominent and attractive stands is occupied by Westbrooks & Mendenhall for the exhibition of fruit. They have a very large variety of the finest specimens we ever saw. And side by side with these native North Carolina fruits, is placed the same variety-grown North and North-west. The difference is very great. In fact, we were much surprised to see how far superior was our fruit. It is gratifying to see what an interest is waking up on the subject. Every man, as it should have been long ago, is preparing to have an orchard.

Before closing our very imperfectly written sketch, which is nothing more than a preface to the reality, we desire to pay our respects to the New Map of North Carolina by W. D. Cooke. The proof sheet hanging upon exhibition in Floral Hall, and from a hasty examination, we feel no hesitancy in pronouncing it an addition to our State works, which is both an honor to the energy of the Publisher and the State. Mr. Cooke says the map will be ready for delivery in the course of a few weeks.

To-day, Wednesday, the public will be admitted into the "Fair Grounds," and but for the sudden change in the weather, turning very cold and raining, we could not calculate the number of visitors intending to be present.

In haste to meet the mail, we must close, promising more next week.

PROF. HEDRICK.

We find in the last Standard, the proceedings of the Faculty of the University of North Carolina in relation to the course pursued by Prof. Hedrick, in his late political declarations. From Mr. Hedrick's position, he occupies a post of interest to the whole State; we therefore, give the proceedings below.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, Chapel Hill, Oct. 6, 1856.

The Faculty met at 12 o'clock, M. under a summons from the President. Present, Hon. David L. Swain, President; Prof. E. Mitchell, J. Phillips, M. Fetter, F. M. Hubbard, J. T. Wheat, A. M. Shipp, C. Phillips, B. S. Hedrick, A. G. Brown; Instructor, H. Herrisse; Tutors, S. Pool, J. B. Lucas, R. H. Battle and W. H. Wetmore.

The President stated to the Faculty that he felt himself called upon to direct their attention to the publication of Prof. Hedrick, in the North Carolina Standard of Saturday. Very few remarks, he said, will suffice in relation to the present subject.

In an institution sustained like this, by all denominations and parties, nothing should be permitted to be done, calculated to disturb the harmonious intercourse of those who support and those who direct and govern it. And this is well known to have been our policy and practice, during a long series of years. Mr. Hedrick's testimony that "as student and Professor" he has known "no institution, North or South, from which partisan politics and sectarian religion are so carefully excluded," will be received with perfect credence by our graduates and by all familiar with the state of things among us.

To secure an end so essential to the reputation, prosperity, and usefulness of the University, cautious forbearance has been practised by the Faculty, and enjoined upon the students, in relation to the subjects. The sermons, delivered on the Sabbath, in the College chapel, have been confined to an exhibition of the leading doctrines of Christianity, with respect to which no difference of opinion exists among us; and no student, during the last twenty years, has been permitted to discuss upon the public stage any question of party politics. This course upon the part of all, has been regarded as not merely necessary to internal harmony and quiet—in union with kind feeling and good taste, but as due to numbers of persons of different talents and opinions, who honor us by their attendance upon our public exercises, and have a right to respectful consideration.

On motion of Dr. Mitchell, seconded by Prof. Fetter, the President's communication was referred to a committee, consisting of Dr. Mitchell, Dr. Phillips, and Prof. Hubbard; who reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the course pursued by Prof. Hedrick, as set forth in his publication in the North Carolina Standard of the 4th inst., is not warranted by our usages; and not those entertained by any other member of this body.

Resolved, That while we feel bound to declare our sentiments freely upon this occasion, we entertain none other than feelings of personal respect and kindness for the subject of them; and sincerely regret the indiscretion in which he seems, in this instance, to have fallen.

After a brief discussion, the resolutions were adopted by the following vote—Messrs. Mitchell, Phillips, Fetter, Hubbard, C. Phillips, Wheat, Shipp, Brown, Pool, Lucas, Battle and Wetmore. Nay—Mr. Herrisse, who said that he voted in the negative, "simply on the ground that the Faculty is neither charged with black Republicanism, nor likely to be suspected of it."

On motion of Dr. Wheat, seconded by Prof. Shipp, the Secretary was directed to transmit a copy of the foregoing proceedings of the Faculty to the Trustees of the University.

Chatham Coal and Iron.
We have been informed that Mr. Haughton, of Chatham, sold his plantation on Deep River the other day for the handsome sum of ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS CASH, to an English Company. Mr. Temple Unthank also sold his plantation in the immediate vicinity for ten thousand dollars to the same company. The first named tract is supposed to be underlaid with bituminous coal of the very best quality. The Unthank tract contains an inexhaustible bed of the best magnetic iron ore. The company that made this purchase, we are gratified to learn, have already commenced the erection of the necessary buildings, furnaces and machinery for the manufacturing of iron on an extensive scale.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS:—Slavery and Political Economy. The Republics of Mexico and the United States. Mr. Madison's Allegory of the North and South. Notes of European Travel. The vital statistics of Negroes in the United States. Sentiments of the South. Book Notices.

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Autumn.

Of all the seasons of the year, there is something in this, most interesting to us. Spring with her winds and rains, has come and gone, and though she brought with her occasional sunshine and flowers, yet she matured nothing; hers was the incipient stage of existence, and she had to leave for summer and autumn, to mature what she had begun.

Summer has also passed away, she brought with her much that was pleasant and lovely, she scattered along our pathway many choice fruits of the earth, and reaped our golden harvests, but her heat and dust were so oppressive, we cannot regret her departure.

Autumn, after the sultry heat of summer has enervated our systems, comes in to brace us up, and invigorate our health. She gathers in the various products of the earth and stores our barns and granaries with the substantial of life. She clothes nature in varied drapery, producing in our minds pleasant, yet sometimes, melancholy sensations, yet take her all in all, we love her, and here we would linger, basking in the smiles of her lovely moonlight, and feeling the general influences of her balmy atmosphere.

She may occasionally put on a rough exterior and forbidding frown, as at present, but her general good disposition prevails, and she becomes herself again.

Eclipse of the Moon.

Not having consulted our Almanac, we were agreeably surprised, on Monday evening last, when our attention was called by a friend to nearly a total eclipse of the moon, not that we wished to write on the subject, and we should not have written these but for the fact, that the Chief Editor of the Times is at it—and consequently not here to write himself—he wrote a piece about it every week for some time, until at last he advised every body to go there, and show themselves, so consistency required that he should go down, keeping example up with precept, he was right keen too, for if every body went, don't you think, would be there.

Well we are right glad he went, though we had a heavy heart—when he left us, as he turned to us and said you must write for the Times, while I'm gone, for we thought we would much rather go ourselves, than to write, we thought it would be easier and pleasanter; well it would, if things had turned out as he and we expected, but this is a changeable world, and the bright sunny days and moon shiny nights that preceded the fair, were succeeded by just the reverse, so we are at home, sitting by a good fire, and he is in Raleigh, sitting by ditto; but that is not what he went to do, he expected to be seated upon the rostrum among the corps editorial, on the fair ground, so that he could make a fair report of the proceedings. Alas! we fear he is disappointed, as the rain and cold are very great; but we hope it will change, and he and all visitors may yet have a pleasant time of it.

In the meantime, we quote for his consolation, if consolation he can find, the following lines of Longfellow:

"Ah, this beautiful world! I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all sunshine and gladness, and heaven itself lies not far off, and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—Longfellow."

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Weekly Literary Rebirth.

Books Publishers sending books to be noticed in this department, will please send through the agency of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Book-Publishers, No. 29, North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

THE BANISHED SON; and other stories of the heart by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, 1856.

We are indebted to the politeness of the publisher for an advanced copy of the above work.

The name of Mrs. Hentz is as familiar to the ears of the reading public, as household words. Every body reads and admires her works. And this volume, beautifully got up, compares well with her previous works. We have read it with the greatest interest, as she portrayed the simple, but truthful stories of the heart. The style is good and easy, and the reader is gently led, plucking here and there, sweet posies to beautify the path of future life. To give the reader a better appreciation of what we are trying to say, we purpose making a selection for the Times.

Dr. Bow's Review:—We are obliged to the publisher for the October number of this Review. From a close examination of this, the first number, we have ever seen, we are prepared to pronounce it a most excellent publication.

It is now in its 21st volume, and is adapted primarily to the Southern and Western States of the Union, including the Statistics of foreign and domestic industry and enterprise. Published monthly in New Orleans and Washington City, at \$5 per annum, in advance. Address either city. Contents of October number.

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Commercial.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE, for October, published by N. A. Calkins & Co., New York, has been received. It is an excellent periodical for the young. Terms, \$1 per annum.

LITERARY LECTURES:—The Literary and Scientific Institution of Norfolk is preparing for the lecture season. Among the gentlemen already engaged are Ex-President Tyler, Bishop Atkinson, of N. C.; O. P. Baldwin, Esq., of Richmond; Rev. John E. Edwards, of Richmond, and Mr. Schele de Vere, of the University of Virginia.

STATE ELECTIONS.

Elections were held on the 13th in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. The eyes of all are turned towards these States, and the result will be sought after with deep interest, as it is thought that it will have a material bearing upon the Presidential election, which takes place Tuesday the 4th Nov.

We will avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity to give the result.

THINKS I TO MYSELF.

The State Fair.

This affair is now coming off at Raleigh. This is the first line we have written on the subject, and we should not have written these but for the fact, that the Chief Editor of the Times is at it—and consequently not here to write himself—he wrote a piece about it every week for some time, until at last he advised every body to go there, and show themselves, so consistency required that he should go down, keeping example up with precept, he was right keen too, for if every body went, don't you think, would be there.

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TIMES WEEKLY ALMANAC.

OCTOBER.

DAY OF MONTH	SUNRISE	SUNSETS
Thursday...16	6 26	5 33
Friday....17	6 28	5 32
Saturday...18	6 29	5 31
Sunday...19	6 30	5 30
Monday...20	6 31	5 29
Tuesday...21	6 32	5 28
Wednesday...22	6 33	5 27
Thursday...23	6 34	5 26
Friday...24	6 35	5 25
Saturday...25	6 37	5 23

Original Poetry.

FOR THE TIMES.
THE DEPARTED.

BY RON. G. STAPLES.

Voice hushed in death's cold slumber,
Hear I in the years gone by;
Voices of the loved and cherished
Oves of prattling infancy;
From the fountain precious memory,
Gushes up a vivid stream—
In whose depth is mirrored brightly,
Youth's first fond but transient dream.

Where are those long since departed;
Dwell they in the quiet grave?
Have they soared to lands elysian
Sleep they 'neath death's blackened wave?

Virtue in the heart's deep chamber,
Buds the knowledge now of those,
Who have left these scenes terrestrial,
For the churchyard's calm repose.

I would not for aught recall them
Back unto this sin-stained earth;
For their home henceforth is Heaven,
Where true happiness has birth;

But when stars are shining meekly
Down, from their bright sphere above,
Shall my soul in prayer ascending,
Breathe that God is life and love.

Be Quiet or I'll tell my Mother.

As I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak tree's leafy cover,

Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come by but John, my lover!

He pressed my hand and kiss'd my cheek;

Then warmer growing, kiss'd the other,
While I exclaimed, and strove to shriek.

"Be quiet or I'll call my mother!"

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovelier began to chide me,

Then wiping from my cheek the tear,

He sat him on the grass beside me;

He hugged me, and he kiss'd me so,

Breathed such sweet vows, one after other,

I could but smile, while whispering low,

"Be quiet or I'll call my mother!"

He talked so long, and talked so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me,

I felt more grieve than I can tell,

When, with a sigh, he rose to leave me;

"Oh, John!" said I, "and must you go!"

I love you more than ∞ other;

There is no need to hurry so,

"I never meant to call my mother!"

Our Easy Chair.

"Always laugh while you can—it is a cheap medicine. Mirthfulness is a philosopher not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence."

PIOUS ABSTRACTION.—Having your pocket picked while at church.

A Southern editor thinks his children are cherubim and seraphim, for he says "they continually do cry."

A printer out West, whose first son happened to be a very short, fat little fellow, named him Brevier Full-faced Jones.

CONUNDRUM.—Why are railway companies like laundresses? Because they have ironed the whole country, and sometimes do a little mangling.

HOW TO KNOW A FOOL.—A fool, says the Arab proverb, may be known by six things—anger without motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing his friends from his foes.

When a Tennessee girl is slyly kissed, she frowns and says: "Put that article right back, sir, where you stole it from." We would like to kiss Tennessee girls slyly all the time.

"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY."—Patrick Maloney, what do you say to the indictment, are you guilty or not guilty? Array! yet worship, how can I tell till I hear the evidence?

HURRAH, FOR PADDY!—"Och!" says Paddy, "I'll never be able to put on these boots till I've worn them a day or two."

We invite the attention of the schoolboys to the following, and ask them if it is not the expression of their own hearts.

"Multiplication,
Is a vexation,
Division is as bad;
Rule of three
It troubles me
And Fractions make me mad.
"Avoirdupois
Bothers a boy,
Long measure is a curse;
I trouble my brain
Over measures of grain
And "Time" makes matters worse."

FIGHT FOR A KISS.—One of our Maine young fellows thus describes his battle, and final victory, in a fair fight for a kiss of his sweethearts:

"Ah! now, Sarah dear, give me a kiss—just one—and be done with it."

"I won't; so, there now."

"Then I'll have to take it, whether or not."

"Take it, if you dare!"

"So at it we went, rough and tumble. An awful destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half of no time. At the next bout, smash went shirt-collar, and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair like a flood in a mill dam broke loose, carrying away a half dozen combs. One plunge of Sally's elbow, and my blooming bosom ruffles waded to the consistency and form of an after-dinner napkin. But she had no time

to boast. Soon her neck-tackling began to shiver, parted at the throat, and way went a string of white beads, scampering and running races every way you could think of about the floor. She fought fair, however, I must admit; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded, handsomely; her arms fell down by her side—those long, white, rosy arms—her hair hung back over the chair, her eyes were half-shut, as if she were not able to hold them open a minute longer, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air! My goodness! Did you ever see a hawk pounce on a robin, or a bee on a clover top?"

The Farmer.

HOLLOW HORN.

MESSERS EDITORS.—The good example set me by J. W. M., in the Planter of this month, prompts me to write an article on the disease, here called "Hollow-horn," which, in my opinion, is much more appropriate than "Hornail;" for it at once declares the condition of the horn, and all will understand what is meant when it is mentioned. It is not generally considered a disease in itself? but the result of a disease. Let that be as it may, animals often die for the want of attention to—and skill in the treatment of the horn directly.

From experience in several cases among my own stock, and particular enquiry made of my neighbors who have had experience in the matter also, I do not hesitate in endorsing J. W. M.'s theory; but must plead for the animal—to save the horns if possible, for several reasons, such as the excruciating pain it inflicts, and are a little moist it will not prevent their going off, like water. After being washed thus, there is no danger of rust as when water is used. I am an old and experienced gunner, and have practiced this for years.—*Scientific American.*

THE BEST REMEDY FOR BURNS.—Take lime water and sweet oil, shake them together.—They will unite and form a kind of white soft soap. This applied to a burn will give immediate relief, and also heal the wound. The quantity of lime water should be about two or three times that of the oil. Lime water is made by stirring a few spoonfuls of lime which has not been slackened too long, in a pint of clear water, and then either letting it stand until it settle, or it may be filtered through blotting paper.

TO CURE A BALKY HORSE.—The following method has been tried successfully on horses that "would not pull" at the foot of a hill.—Tie a handkerchief over the horse's eyes and tell him go. He will stop like a blind horse and draw as if there were no hill before him. Let those who have these pests of good temper, baulky horses, try this simple expedient.

If after this treatment the animal does not very speedly improve, remove one horn; and if that fails, remove the other in a day or two, or sooner if absolutely necessary.

If the blood flows very freely after sawing off the horn, apply dry horse manure, (first filling up with pepper and salt) which keep to the place by the application of several thicknesses of cotton cloth well tarred.

The horn may be warm, and yet disengaged; but, if the horn be cold, and upon tapping it with a hard substance, it sounds hollow, be assured that boring is necessary.

I have always found accompanying the hollow-horn, a soft place in the tail, some six inches or a foot from the lower end, a perfect decaying of the bone—it is called here "the wolf in the tail," it should be attended to at the same time with the study of a Huntley or Thayer, and to the infinite diversion of the crowd.

The evidence all tending to convict, the defendant's counsel was reduced to the necessity of objecting to the phraseology of the warrant, contending that the error was a fatal one, inasmuch as the instrument was addressed to the constables of "our said town" instead of "city." Here was a dilemma. The court made so long and profound an examination of the paper, that the defendant offered to bet even on an acquittal; but the themometer of his joy soon fell, as Judge Pomp announced that "the court habin' made very careful examination ob de paper and hear de objections, find de objections altogether irribolous, for de court habin' search in de dictionary and considerin' de matter by de light ob common sense and de ould standards, come to de conclusion dat de word 'town' and de word 'city' same ting as synonymous terms!" De difference so small dat it take powerful microscope to diskiver de variation. What de difference between town and city? In both cases da good many houses and good many people—no person eber know de distinction by looking at 'em. De court itself hab' very great doubt wheder de greatest minds da shed light on de spirit ob de age know de difference. Dis court take occasion to remark dat de bery much astonished when he see lawyer ob edication (as he no doubt de geman is what plead dis case) make frivilous objection which observe no sort o' purpose 'cept to take up de time ob de court, and make de cost mount up.

Before I close, I would suggest that it is very important to raise all cattle that cannot get up themselves, as soon as possible; because, the longer they lay, the more discouraged they become, and will lose the use of their limbs. The best simple contrivance that I am acquainted with for the purpose is to procure a piece of strong linen as wide as from the fore legs to the hind ones—the length of the belly, and twice as long as from midway on one side, to midway on the other side, measuring underneath: then, sew the ends together (as a hoop,) and place it under the animal, it will be double; through each end pass a pole from twelve to fifteen feet in length; immediately in front of, and about three feet from the animal plant a strong stake about four feet high, and then raise the ends of the poles and secure them to the stake, as high, as midway the sides of the animal when standing; then plant a similar stake at the hind end of each pole; then, raise one pole at the time; or, both together, as the force may be; and secure each pole to its own stake as a proper height to elevate the invalid so it can stand. It is well to ap-

ply a leather strap around the breast from pole to pole; and, one also behind, to keep it from pitching forward or backward.

While it is all important not to let it lay too long, it is also necessary to let it down occasionally to relieve its limbs, &c.

J. M. B.

SAVE YOUR BACON.—About a couple of years ago, we were entertained at the house of a friend with a good, old fashioned dinner of eggs and bacon. We complimented our host on the superior quality of his bacon, and were curious to inquire the way to like success in the preparation of a dainty article of diet, though one that is better fitted for the palate of an epicure than for the stomach of a dyspeptic.—To our surprise we were informed that that portion of our meal was cooked eight months before. Upon asking for an explanation, he stated that it was his practice to slice and fry his bacon, immediately upon its being cured, and then pack it down in its own fat. When occasion came for using it, the slices slightly refried, had all the freshness and flavor of new bacon, just prepared. By this precaution, our friend had always succeeded in "saving his bacon," fresh and sweet through the hottest of weather.—*New England Encyclo.*

TO SPORTSMEN.—Wash your gun barrels in spirits of turpentine, by dipping a rag or sponge fastened on your gun rod into the liquid and swabbing them out two or three times, when they will be cleaned from all impurities, and can be used almost instantly, as the turpentine will evaporate and leave the barrels dry; even if they are a little moist it will not prevent their going off, like water. After being washed thus, there is no danger of rust as when water is used. I am an old and experienced gunner, and have practiced this for years.

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